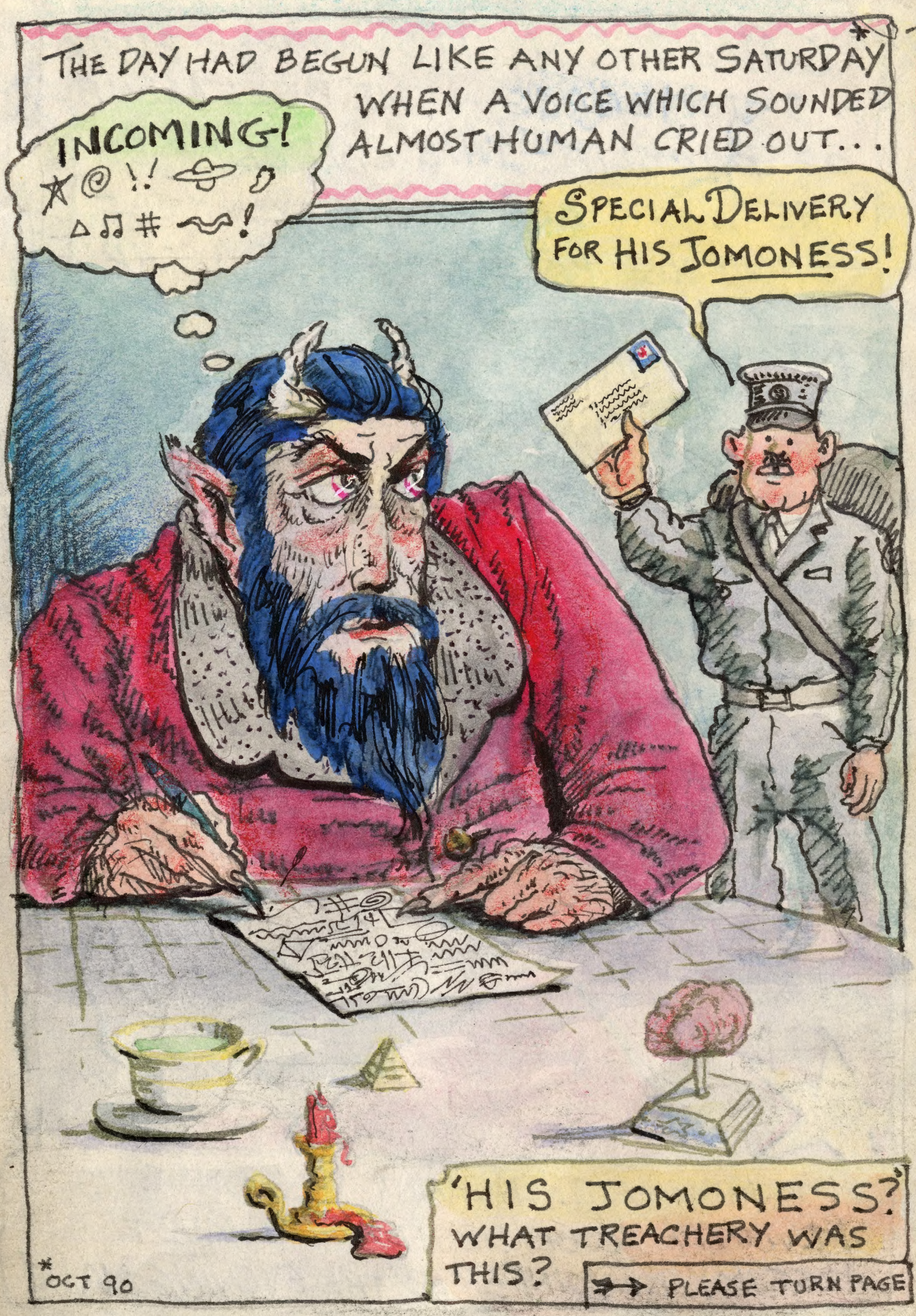
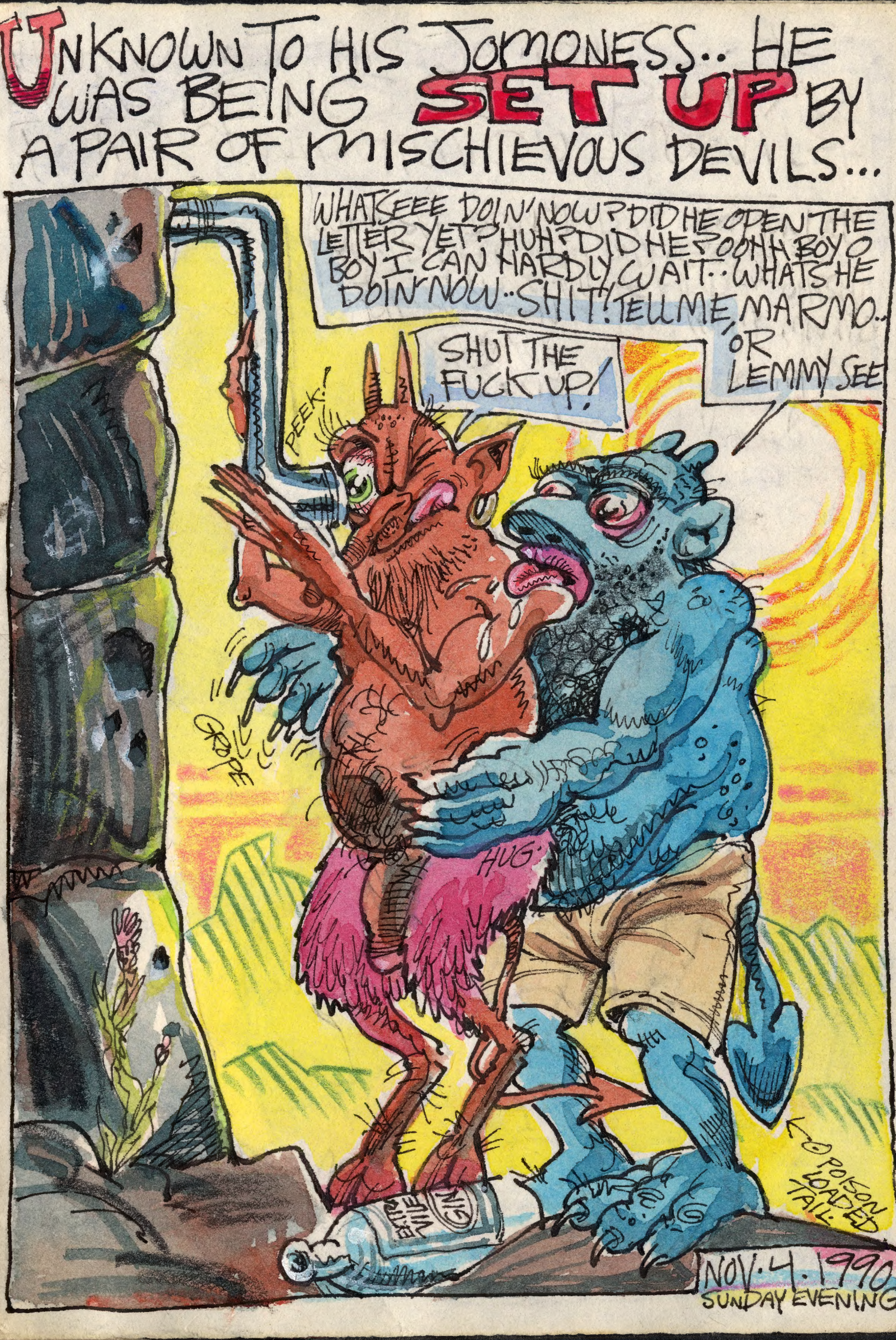
EX LIBRIS PUBIS
2002
MARINADED EDITION.
JAN.
ARE YOU READY?
SNIP SNIP
"Gripping!"
J. Moore

HIS JOMONESS HAD A COUNTRY ESTATE.....
I WISH THE FUCKER WOULD PUT IN A SIDE-WALK! (GRUMP)
CHATEAU JOMO
POACHERS BEWARE
VODKA
OCT. 16. 1990

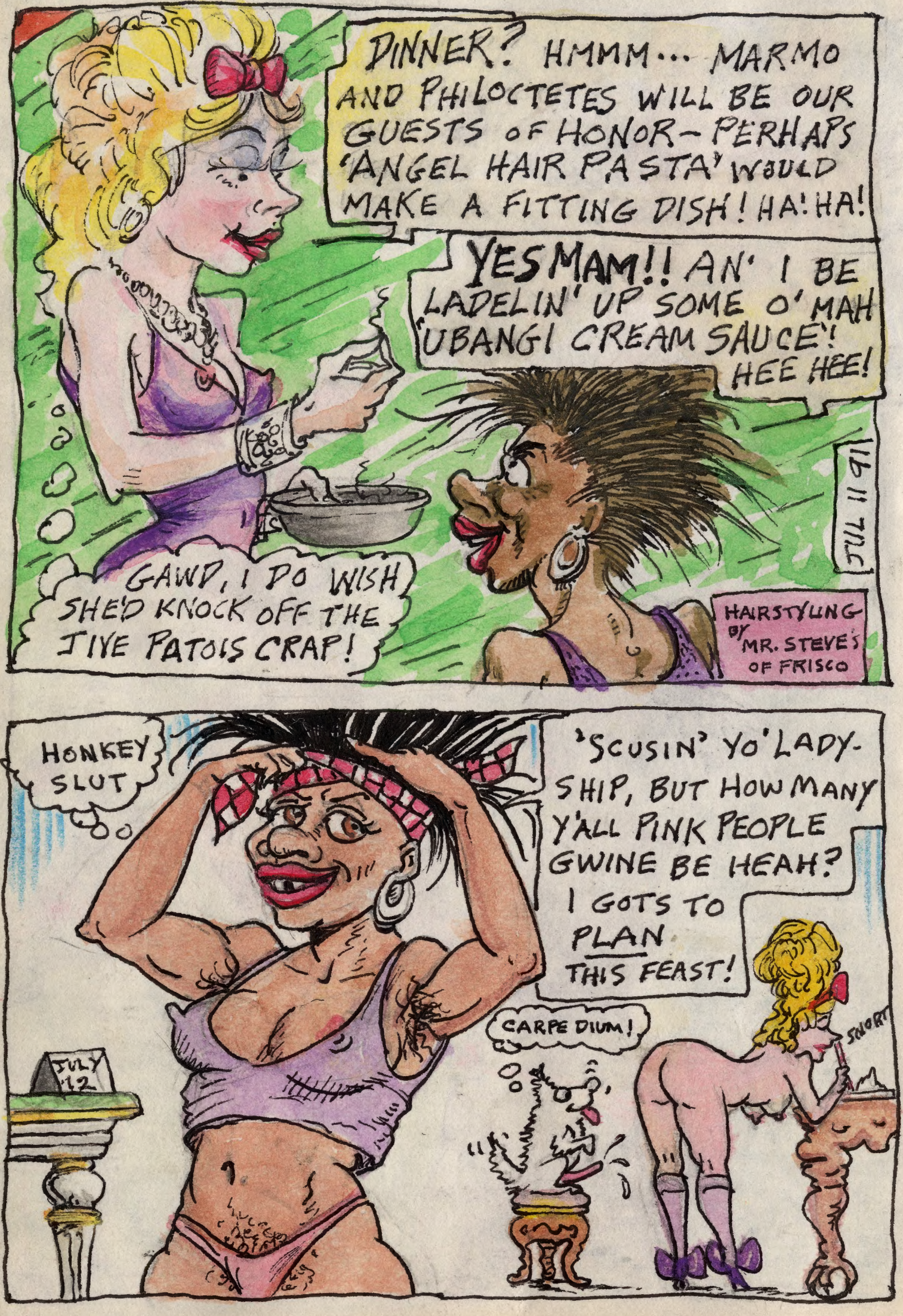

THE DAY HAD BEGUN LIKE ANY OTHER SATURDAY
WHEN A VOICE WHICH SOUNDED ALMOST HUMAN CRIED OUT...
INCOMING!
SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR HIS JOMONESS!
'HIS JOMONESS? WHAT TREACHERY WAS THIS?
PLEASE TURN PAGE
*OCT 90

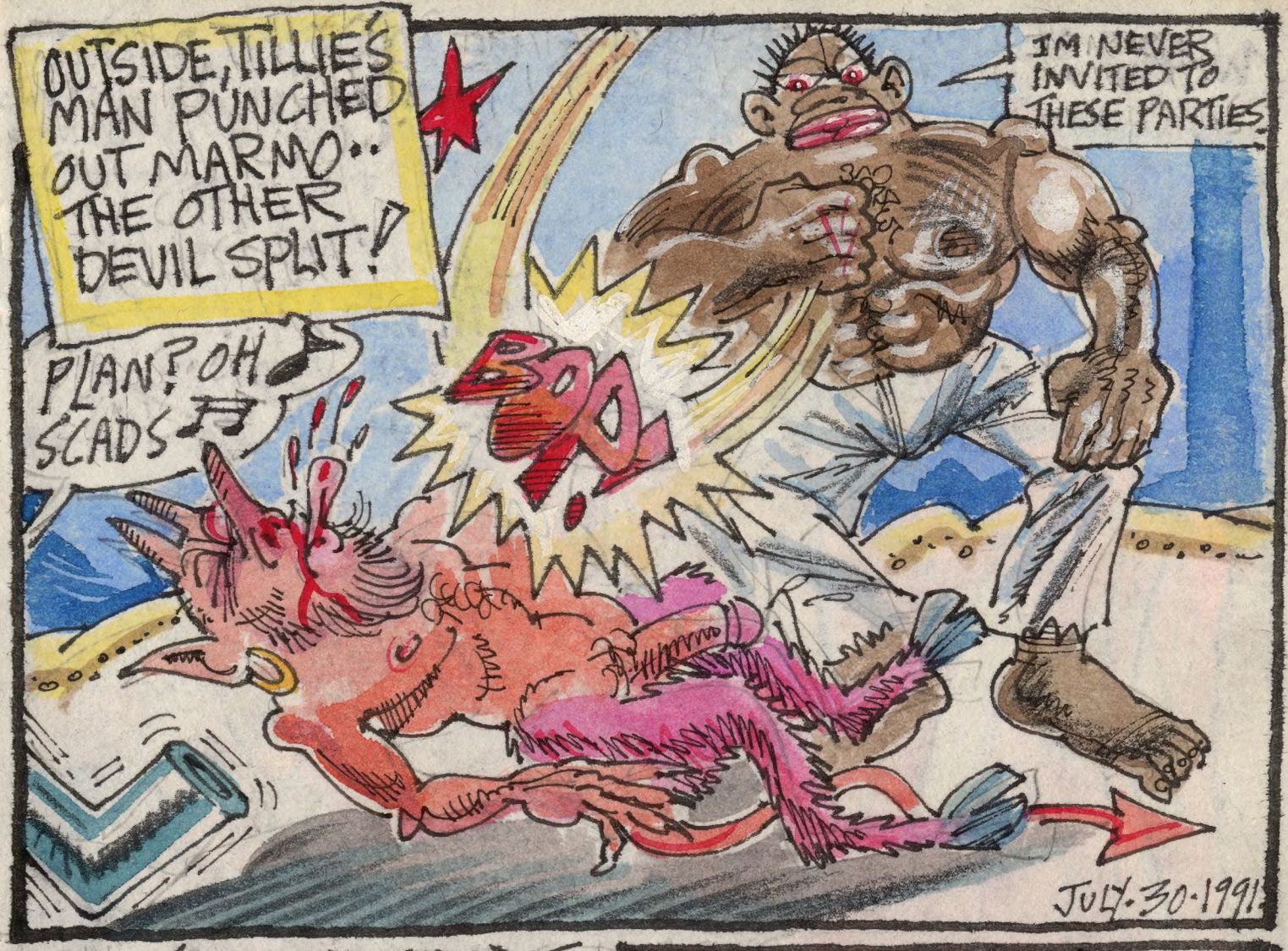
GADZOOKS! IT'S ADDRESSED TO HIS JOMONESS ~ THE BEELIEBUB OF BUCOLIA! THIS CAN ONLY BE THE WORK OF THAT DIAZOMENE-TM SNORTING PRINCE OF LIARS AND TROUBLE-MAKER—THE ULULATING MEFISTROPOLIS!
OCT 22
DAST I VIEW THE CONTENTS?
To: HIS JOMONESS CHATEAU JAMO TOP OF THE HILL
HMMMM~ A TRENCHANT RESPONSE IS DEVOUTLY TO BE DESIRED ~ I MUST POST MY REJOINDER BY THE EVENING MAIL!


UNKNOWN TO HIS JOMONESS.. HE WAS BEING SET UP BY A PAIR OF MISCHIEVOUS DEVILS...
WHATSEEE DOIN' NOW? DID HE OPEN THE LETTER YET? HUH? DID HE? OOH BOY O BOY I CAN HARDLY WAIT.. WHATS HE DOIN' NOW.. SHIT! TELL ME, MARMO.. OR LEMMY SEE
SHUT THE FUCK UP!
PEEK!
GROPE
HUG
POISON LOADED TAIL
NOV. 4. 1990
SUNDAY EVENING.

SEIZING HIS KRELL 'PIG STICKER' HIS JOMONESS SWIFTLY OPENED THE ENVELOPE! -MUCH TO THE DELIGHT OF THE DEVILISH DUO!
SSLIIIIIT
SNIFF SNIFF
HMMMMM.. IT APPEARS TO BE SOME SORT OF BOOK!
A LITTLE BOOK CONTAINING PUBIC HAIR!
NOV 28,1990

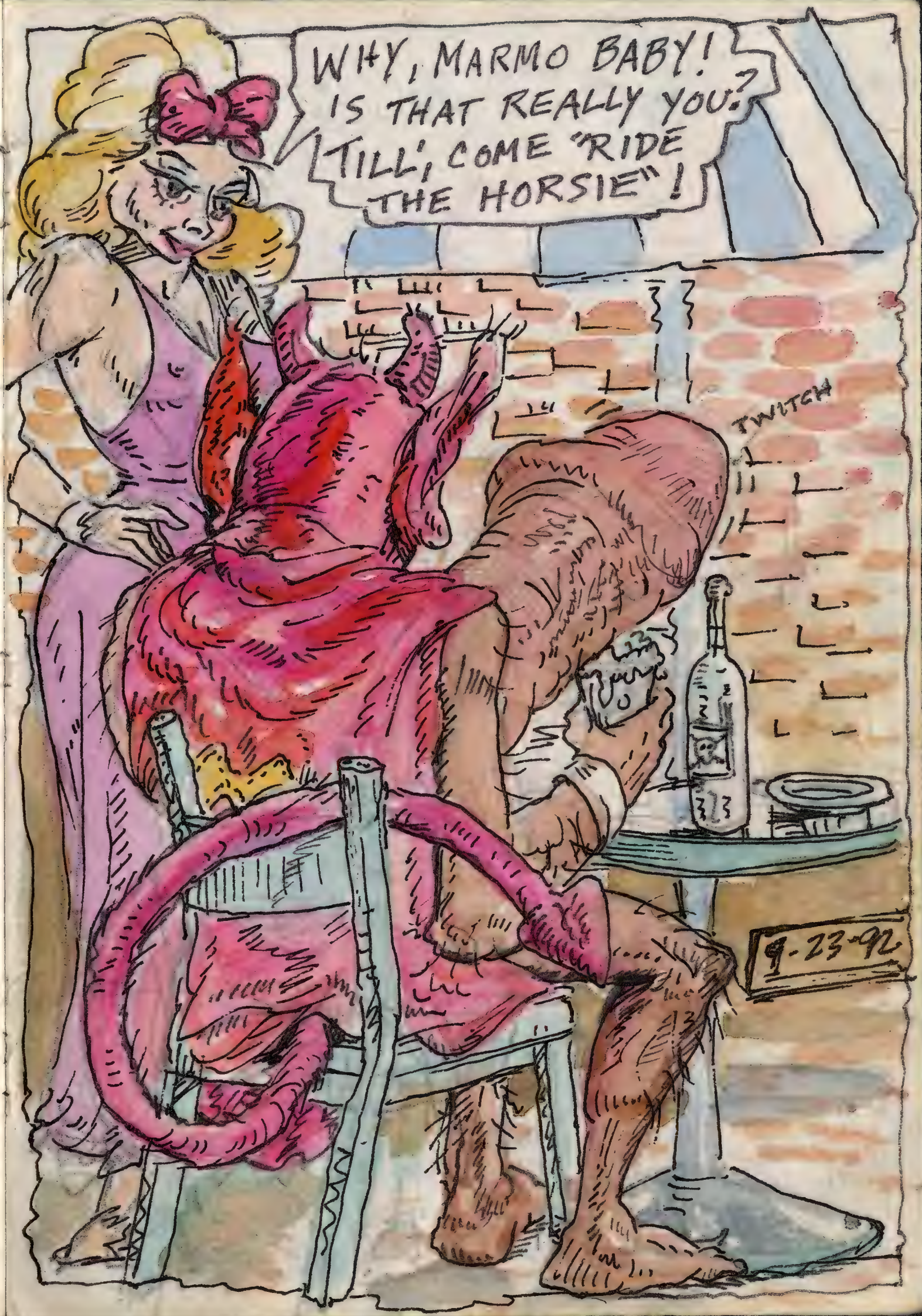
SQUINT!
THE BASTARD IS SNIFFIN' THIS LITTLE BOOK!
COME THE FUCK ON MARMO.. LEMMY SEE!?
WHILE FAR AWAY.. WE SEE LADY GRANDEVEER AT HER TOILETTE...
TRIM FASTER TILLIE!
YES MAM.. WHATCHOO WAN'ME TA'COOK FUH DINNAH' MAM?HUH?
SNIP SNIPPITY SNIP SNIP
JAN·3·1991


DINNER? HMMM... MARMO AND PHILOCTETES WILL BE OUR GUESTS OF HONOR - PERHAPS 'ANGEL HAIR PASTA' WOULD MAKE A FITTING DISH! HA! HA!
YES MAM!! AN' I BE LADELIN' UP SOME O' MAH 'UBANGI CREAM SAUCE'! HEE HEE!
GAWD, I DO WISH SHE'D KNOCK OFF THE JIVE PATOIS CRAP!
HAIRSTYLING BY MR. STEVE'S OF FRISCO
HONKEY SLUT
'SCUSIN' YO' LADY-SHIP, BUT HOW MANY Y'ALL PINK PEOPLE GWINE BE HEAH? I GOTS TO PLAN THIS FEAST!
CARPE DIUM!
JULY 12
SNORT


OUTSIDE, TILLIE'S MAN PUNCHED OUT MARMO.. THE OTHER DEVIL SPLIT!
IM NEVER INVITED TO THESE PARTIES
PLAN? OH SCADS
BOO
JULY-30-1991

TILLIE'S MAN DECIDED TO DISGUISE HIMSELF AS MARMO.. HE COULD THEN EAT.. AND VISIT TILLIE..
UH HUH! YEAUH! AH BE COOL!
MAISON GRANDEVEER
KNOCKETY KNOCK
I BE MARMO

WHAS HAPPENIN' BABY? I BE MARMO AND I BE HERE TO EAT. CAN YOU DIG IT?
YOU SURE DO LOOK READY TO EAT, HAWNEY! LOOKIT THE SIZE OF THAT TAR-ROLL!
YUM!
WHO IS IT, TILL?
YOING!!
VURF.
THANKSGIVING '91.


WHY, MARMO BABY! IS THAT REALLY YOU? TILL, COME "RIDE THE HORSIE"!
TWITCH
9-23-92

TILLIE WAS GLAD TO MOUNT MARMO
YOW! YOU OUGHTA TRY HIM MAM
IT DOES LOOK LIKE LOTS OF FUN - BUT YOU GO AHEAD TILLY. I'LL PREPARE FOR MY DINNER GUESTS - HURRY UP AND COME THEN GET RID OF THIS BLACK STUD..
WHAT HUGE NUTS!
GARDENERS DAUGHTER.
SPUNCH
YEAH BABY!
SEPT·8·1993.
LATER ... MUCH LATER! (I MEAN YEARS)
BACK IN THE STUDIOS OF THE BLUE DEMON
HURRY UP??
YE FUCKING IDJIT!
TUT, TUT! GREAT "ART" CAN NE'ER BE RUSHED!
BUT HARK! THE MUSE DOTH CALL! METHINKS I HAVE A SCINTILLA OF AN IDEA!
DEADLINES

NO GOOD SUMS O' BITCHES! MUMBLE.. FUCKING MALCOLM HOUNDING ME TO DO GRIMM - NO MONEY UP FRONT. GRIPE - MOAN - BLUE DEMON ALWAYS LATE!
POOOOR MARMO!
PISS, BITCH, GRIPE, MUMBLE...
ON STRIKE
BROKE NO MONEY GRIPE — GETTING OLD - FUCK! PISS MOAN.
SCRITCH
TRUDGE
SCUFF
TRUDGE
AUG 24, 96

BACK AT THE COUNTRY ESTATE.. HIS LOWNESS PURUSES THE MYSTERIOUS BOOK.. DISCOVERING PICTURES OF MARMO AND HIS BLUE BUDDY IN VARIOUS DISGUISES; ALSO A NOTE FROM THE ANONYMOUS SENDER..
GADZOOKS! THESE KNAVES HAVE BEEN FUCKING MY NIECE, LADY GRANDEVEER. THIS IS HER PUBIC HAIR IN THE BOOK FOUND IN THEIR LAIR BY THE BOUNTY HUNTER WHO SENT THIS TO ME AND WANTS ME TO HIRE HIM TO BRING ME THESE CULPRITS. DEAD OR ALIVE!
P. MOORE WINERY
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE BIG SPADE AND THE MAID?
AUG. 26 1996.

JULY 31 1996
I'M GONNA GO ON STRIKE--THAT BLUE BASTARD CAN EXPLOIT SOME ONE ELSE--I'LL MEET WHATSIT FOR A BEER AND HAVE HIM INTRODUCE ME TO LADY GRANDEVEER
DOINK
BESIDES ITS MY FUCKIN BIRTHDAY!
AUG 8'96
BUT THE BLUE DEMON HAS IDEAS OF HER OR HIS OWN.....
HMMM... IF I HURRY, I CAN DO THE FUNKY THANG WITH LADY G. 'FORE MY PAL SHOWS UP!
MEAN BITCH
SOON.. VERY SOON
AUG 23, 96
OUI! OUI! HOLD THAT POSE - AN' KEEP ON SPOUTIN' POETRY - YOU DO HAVE SUCH A DULCET TONGUE!
TWITCH
MARMO COULD SHOW UP ANY MOMENT...
MEBBE, IF I HURRY - TIME FOR A QUICK LICK O' PUSSY!

MEANWHILE, A RECLUSIVE "FREEMAN" LOGS ON...
FUCK ME HARD! IT'S... E-MAIL!
SEPT 6, 96-MEET ME FOR DRINKY-POOS-SIXISH...H.J.
DAM GUBMINT
COCK SUCKERS
DOINNG!
SPRINGING INTO ACTION, OUR VENERABLE "HERO" SWIFTLY HITCHED UP HIS 20 MULE TEAM, "BORAX", AND BESPAKE HIMSELF THUSLY: GIDDYUP!!!
ABOARD "THE FREEMAN" CHATS WITH HIS BOSOM BUDDY AS THEY GALLOP INTO ACTION...
YUP. GLAD YOU CAME ALONG THAWNEY, PACKIN' A PAIR OF .45S..
CAN YOU HANDLE YOURSELF IN A TIGHT SPOT FREEMAN? (GIGGLE)
NOV. 26 1996

SOON
JAN 20, 97
TAPPITY TAP
A TAPPING TAPPING AT THE DOOR!
SNIFF
UNCLE JOMO!! YOU SCOUNDREL! AND WHO'S YOUR FUNKY FRIEND?
MY DEAR
NEICE! WHY, YOU LOOK GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT!!! I'LL LEAVE MY MAN, FREEMAN, HERE TO ENTERTAIN YOU WHILE I GO HAVE A WEE CHAT WITH YOUR MOORISH MAID TELL THAT BLUE DUDE TO SPLIT..
MAR 13, 97

AUG. 9 1997.
..AND I THOUGHT I'D GET A LITTLE TASTE INSTEAD OF STANDIN' THERE HOLDIN' THIS ASSHOLES HAT!
WAIT YOUR TURN BLUE BECAUSE I CRAVE SOMETHIN' NEW
LICKITY SPLIT
LICKITY LICK SPITTY DE.. CLIT

THEES MOORISH MAID, SHE IS GOT MORE CURVES THAN LE GRAND CENTRAL HAS LE TRAINS, NON
ALLAH BE PRAISED I GET LUCKY TONITE
IS IT XMAS?
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!
DECEMBER 1 1997

HIS JOMONESS MADE A DATE WITH THE MOORISH MAID..TO MEET AT THE BAR'S BACK DOOR AFTER SHE QUIT WORK..LITTLE DID HE KNOW BUT THE MAID WAS DELAYED EARNING A BONUS FROM THE BOSSES BONER... HIS JOMONESS WAITED AND WAITED THEN WAITED SOME MOORE...

AUGUST 6-1998 FOOLMOON

..JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE, SHE THEN APPEARED. (SIGH)
GADZOOKS!?!
HE'S FIXIN' ME IN THE BALEFUL GLEAM OF HIS LEWD IRIS! OH JOY..
HMMM IS THAT DONUT GLAZE IN THE CORNERS OF HER MOUTH?

DEC·11·1998

NERVOUS...
I BELIEVE I KNOW HIM..IN THE BIBLICAL SENSE. (GIGGLE)
HEY YOU! ASSHOLE! DAVEY MOORE..
YOU KNOW HIM? ANYHOW HIS BIRTHDAY IS TODAY.
APR. 29. 1999
ELSEWHERE
FRONT AND BACK DADDY-O (SIGH
GIGGLE
AND
MEAN WHILE...
FORGET IT! SHORT STUFF..
I'M SPLITTIN' WITH HIS JAMONESS
SHE DONT LOVE US

TILLIE'S MAN (THE WANNABE MARMO) WATCHES FROM AN ALLEY.
Hmmm THERE'S THAT FINE MOORISH BARMAID, SLINKIN' OFF WITH THAT, MUTHAFUCKAH HIS JOMONESS.. I'LL FIX THAT.
TE GUSTA "ORAL SEX"?
YOU DEVIL!
BLURP
GINCH
AGER
APRIL 30 1999.
GOOPY! A HERO!
LOOKEE HERE YOU HOT SHITNESS.. IF YOU TOUCH HER ONE MORE TIME AHM GWANA KICK YOUR JOMONESS ASS!
OH REALLY?
POKE!
JUNE 14 FLAG DAY 1999

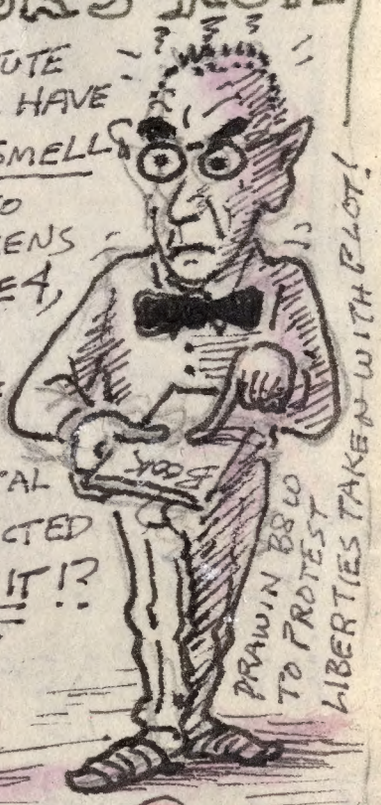
IT WAS MARMOS ASSHOLE... STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE.

EAU DE MARMO

## EDITOR'S NOTE

AS THE ASTUTE READER WILL HAVE NOTED, THE SMELL REFERRED TO ABOVE HARKENS BACK TO PAGE 4, AND THE LITTLE BOOK CONTAINING PUBIC HAIR AND TO NO SUCH RECTAL FANTASIES DEPICTED OPPOSITE!! GET IT!?

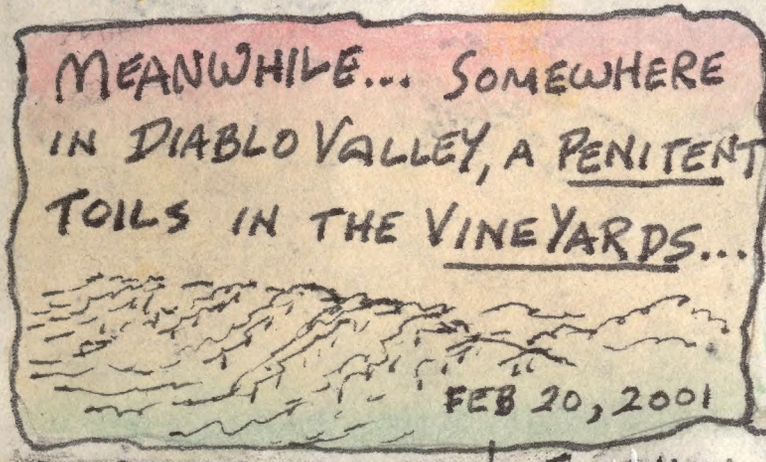
AND NOW... BACK TO OUR STORY!



WITH TILLIE'S MAN AND MARMO OUT OF THE WAY, HIS DUDESHIP CONTINUED HIS SEARCH... FOR LADY GRANDEVEER...

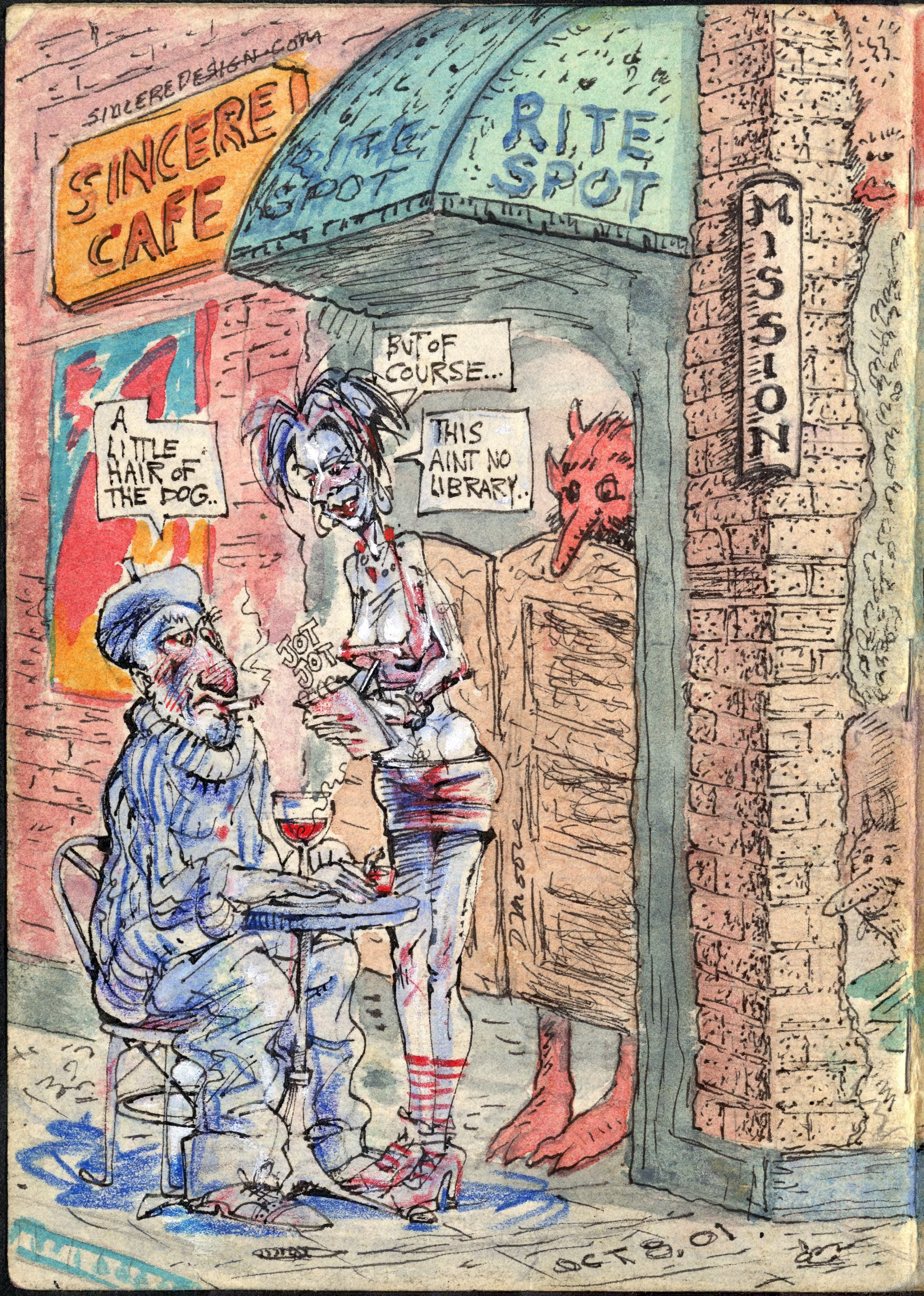
YEARS LATER.. HIS JOMONESS WAS FORLORN, HORNY, BROKE AND HOMELESS.. ONE NIGHT, SEEKING SOLACE, HE BANGS ON THE DOOR OF A HOVEL AND HEARS A THIN DRY EGG-SHELL VOICE THROUGH THE KEYHOLE...

DUDE! YOU IS BACK! WANNA SMELL SOMETHING GOOOOOD? HAPPY TO SEE ME?
MAMA! Y'ALL LOOKIN' FINE! FOR AN OLD BROAD! HAR HAR!
THIS LETTER JUST ARRIVED!


MEANWHILE... SOMEWHERE IN DIABLO VALLEY, A PENITENT TOILS IN THE VINEYARDS...
FEB 20, 2001

GET A LITTLE DRUNK- AND YOU LAND IN JAIL...

THE WARDEN WILL NEVER TASTE THIS VINTAGE OF MY OWN TENDING. HIS WIFE CONTRIBUTED
PUBIC HAIR
IN PUBAS VINO VERITAS
BARBECA
750
FIN
SEPT. 28. 2001
12 years in the making!


SINCEREDESIGN.COM
SINCERE CAFE
RITE SPOT
RITE SPOT
MISSION
A LITTLE HAIR OF THE DOG..
BUT OF COURSE...
THIS AINT NO LIBRARY..
JOT JOT
OCT 8, 01